By Larry Evans

ONCE TO EVERY MAN'

nists; they are honest business men

Well, that's what it looked like then.

"I'm going to beat that blanked woods

Because I can promise you, since I talked it over with O'Mara this after-

noon, that we haven't any nice, dead

"Oh, you can sit there and smile your cold blooded smile! And if you

think I'm experiencing pengs of concience you're mistaken. All I have I

got from other men who-who weren't

strong enough to hang on to it. There

isn't any friendship in business, or if

there is I never played it that way.

I'm just telling you that now is our

one opportunity if we want to join

hands and hurrah with the rest of

them for the completion of this job by

next May. We lose a railroad at a

bargain, perhaps, but we've still got a

mighty good right of way to the bor-

der that will insure our welcome in

the ranks. Maybe we lose and-and

maybe-well, I never did'like to be

benten! Nor do I say that such an ar-

"Switch," Wickersham snarled, And

he leaned forward, face bloodless, and

matinee idol costume so bad between

now and next May that he'll be walk-

ing the roads for his next job. Switch?

I'm going to brand him as the worst

smooth sinile from his lips if I have

Wickersham gasped. He came to his feet panting all in an instant with the

rage that set his dry lips writhing.

himself. He swallowed and faced Al-

before his outbreak, gaped now at the

change that came back over that twist-

ed face. Wickersham smiled. Once

more his bearing was the very essence

"If you-if you are afraid"- he in-

Allison's laugh was big and booming

for all that the astonishment had not

"Cold feet," he rumbled. "Cold feet! Me!" And suddenly his gust,

of mirthless laughter made petty the

other's insolence. "Wickersham, I've

broken better crooks than you'll ever

be. A man has to have a big heart to

be a big crook, and you-and you-well,

sometimes I wonder whether there

wasn't some sort of an oversight in

that line when they put you together.

He couldn't have explained why the

thought came to him at that moment any more than he understood his swift-

ly-malicious impulse to use it, but all

Caleb had burst through the hedge to

find the boy Stephen O'Mara pummel-

ing a bigger prestrate boy who shriek-

ed under the earnest thoroughness of

that pummeling. Allison, too, rose to

"I only wanted to give you a chance."

Allison continued. "I reckon I can take care of myself. I always could.

And you-well, you know as well as I

do what sort of scrap that-that woods

rat can put up, or you ought to. He

gave you a sort of a demonstration once, if I remember correctly. I stick!

don't fool yourself, Archie; don't fool

yourself. If we fight we're fighting

with a regular guy, your insinuation

to the contrary. I merely wanted you

to realize what I know now. We'll

think we've been in a battle before we

His hand was on the door knob when

the door itself flashed open. Dexter

that of the man half toward her and

didn't know you were busy. I saw the

"Oh," she exclaimed uncertainly. "I

come to a finish!"

I never was overly squeamish.

ellection of that day when he and

of perfect poise and self control.

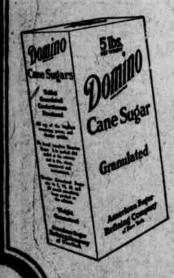
yet left his eyes.

sure thing on our hands any longer.

## America's Wasted Fruit Would Feed Belgium

While people starve abroad while our cost of living mounts steadily we let millions of bushels of fruit perish annually. This extravagant loss can be saved and your table expenses cut by canning fruit in quantity-now.

The Government and public-spirited newspapers urge housewives to do this. Fruit of all kinds is healthful and economical Don't let a few hours work stand in your way. In putting up fruit use



# Domino

Granulated Sugar

It is all cane, quick dissolving and of highest sweetening power. Kept clean by 2 and 5 pound cartons and 5, 10, 25 and 50 pound non-sifting bags packed at the refinery.

Ask for it by name

TO YOUR LETTERS

IS PUNISHABLE

Miss Libbey's answers to your

dress must be given to in-

sonal letters cannot be answer-

Poor Girl writes: "I am a girl of no pretense Have fair education.

long. Recently I received a snubbing

from a neighbor boy. They are con-sidered rich. He has a better educa-

tion. Is all in social life. No cause

can be given for his treatment of me.

I carry myself straight. First time

he had ever addressed me, it was. Resenting, I hit him hard as I could.

How am I to treat him if again he is thus guilty? Was this to see if I was

My feelings are hurt, yet I will not

of. He had no business to hurt your

will respect and honor you, as will the

Right One. He will not attempt to snub you. If so, his folks must be

told. He should suffer punishment,

ings. Most people you will meet,

TAKE PARENTS' BLESSING

raised, prosperous young man of 21.

ly I was introduced to one who was in

every ' ay a modest, intelligent, kind-

to her relative having named my near

relative, as they considered. She is a

second cousin of my stepsister. My

Yes, you can wed your step-sister's

ond wife's distant relative. Your un-

NOT INVITE GIRL

Brooklyn, N. Y.

YOUTH'S INSULT



LAURA JEAN LIBBY'S DAILY TALKS ON

MEETING AWAY FROM HOME | MISS LIBBEY'S REPLIES

She listens with fitting blush, With downcast eyes and grace; And she forgave him that he gazed

Dan Cupid whispered a secret to me sure attention. Initials printed. sugar and water to a thick syrup; cool and the fruit juices and freeze. When those who help themselves. Hear Write short letters on one side th hands, in amazed protest. "Try to wedge into your talks a little bit about the stay at homes and the so abouts. Say that people meet where bills and mountains don't, and that it Libbey, No. 946 President St., siderably easier if men and women who are mateable, and looking around where they can see, and be seen." imbue the spirit of those remarks, and follow the bent of Dan Cupid's, suggestion. Girls who sigh that they are lonely, and few if any friends of no pretense Have fair education. Kin and I are honest as the day is call, might change all that if they were to awaken to the possibilities about them, and determine to make this a happier summer than has gone before. If father or brother is mak-ing ready to attend a convention in ther place to which he has been ustomed to go alone for years, the ely girl of the family should plead accompany him. It is not all dry ech making, as she may have supposed. There's a happy, merry party from here and there who meet, find

clinging together, becoming well ac-quainted while the convention lasts. The lonely girl finds other girls in the who are quite charmed with d must last for all time. ells the other that her brother (who single) will be only too pleased to eau her about," a promise which brother readily consents to. Thus

TAKE PARENTS' BL destiny's thread is placed in the loo to be woven at Dan Cupid's leisure.

There's the summer picnic, too. What good natured matron would not be glad to chaperone a sweet, modest young girl whom she knew, if but hearted appearing girl. Course of true love, in my case, did not seem smooth, kes the acquaintance there of other heir friends, maidens and youths, at first. Gossips said it would not be he has a jolly time, instead of being a proper marriage, as I wished, owing to be. Then what fun, to be one of a part of young folks who go for a trolley ride to the far off end of the route on a stiffing hot summer evenng. Of course there are enough in he party to completely fill the car to the exclusion of strangers and the young folks good nature ily change seats and escorts at almost every stop, that there may be no po-called their blessings. is su e to have a corking, merry evening. No one can help the girl who ts in shutting herself up within four walls of home while all nais calling her to come forth and by the sunshine and the delights nature of youth to cling to seclu-n. Summer will not last for long,

the extra timid girl should ways walk up to your be proud of you. Then you may at- boy sed, Wel, jest to prove we are all

## CORNER FOR COOKS

ORANGE SHERBERT

Grated rind of four large oranges wo one-half cups cold water, one pound sugar, one pint strained orange juice, whites of four eggs. Grate the rind of oranges and steep 10 minutes in the water; add sugar and boil to a thin syrup. Cool, add whipped whites of eggs the last half, add orangé juice and freeze. Ripen for two

RASPBERRY CURRANT ICE

letters. Correct name and ad- One cup red currant juice, one cup

PINEAPPLE SHERBET

Two cups grated fresh or canned pineapple, two cups sugar, one cup two eggs. Make syrup of sugar and water; cool, add pineapple and lemon juice; partially freeze; add the wellbeaten egg white; finish freezing; ri-

Lemon ice is much better when practical way in preparing ices is to make a syrup of 32 degrees. Add anough juice to dilute it to 20 degrees. Freeze and pack in salt and ice. Ices do not freeze as hard as creams. If one does not wish to prepare the syrup, the following recipe may

Add three cups of sugar to one quart of water. Boil ten minutes and add the juice of five lemons and two

RASPBERRY SHERBET

ne-half cup of coldw ater; add one and one-half cups of cold water and one cup of sugar; stir until dissolved; chill, add one pint of raspberry juice and the strained juice of two lemons;

LITTLE BENNY'S NOTEBOOK

tin and Sam Crawss was setting on my Laid the great Soldier low: frunt steps, and a fat boy started to go past, Skinny saying, G. look wats going past, I bet hes 5 times fatter than uds Simkins.

Wich he was, being so fat he looked past, us 3 jumped up and started to follow him like a perrade, wawking in Indiun file and going, Boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, And the fat boy looked erround and stopped. saying. Who are you boom booming behind.

You, dont you like it? sed Skinny

No. I dont like it, and I avize you to cut it out, sed the fat boy. And he are our second cousins, 26 years old. kepp on wawking and so did us 3 in They gave a party, slighted me, not back of him, going, A boom boom extending an invitation, as I am 15, boom, a boom boom boom. And the and too young to go where our older fat boy terned erround agen and came ones mingle. I try to like and make up to us, saying. Wats you doing, all like me. Am a school-girl, and looking for trouble?

lonely evenings. Am I to wait till 18. Go on, Ill punksure you with a pin, cle away from loneliness into before I go to nice parties?"

sed Skinny.

O well, there's no use having eny hard feelings, sed Sam, and the fat

agenst the wall and Ill show you sum-

Wats the matter, youre 3 to one, aint you, sed the fat boy. Wich we was, and Skinny went and stood with his stummick agenst the wall and . I leened agenst his back fruntwerds, and Sam leened agenst my back backwerds, and the fat boy sed, Now all put your hands up the air. Wich we did, and then wat, did the fat boy do but leen agenst Sam all his mite, equashing us 3 agenst the wall so tite e coodent even get our arms down.

Hay, yelled Sam.

Hay, yourself, sed the fat boy. And is leened harder than ever, feeling

Enuff, us 3 sed as loud as we cood not being very loud on account of not having mutch breth left, and the fat boy stopped leening and ran down the street, and all we cood do was stand there leening agenst eetch uther with no breth looking after him

Jersey is Just the

Fabric For Fall



HER TROTTEUR.

Deep tan woolen jersey develops this partially frozen add the beaten white suit, cut with a gored skirt and jacket through," he went on as I lifted of paper only. Use ink. Per- of egg, continue freezing until hard. with strapped belt to match the strapped cuffs. The brown velvet colar gives a smart autumn touch and

### TODAY'S POEM

VANQUISHED

Gen. Ulysses S. Grant died July 23,

Not by the ball or brand Not by the lightning stroke When the fiery tempest broke-Not mid the ranks of war Fell the great Conqueror.

Inmoved, undismayed, In the crash and carnage of the cannonade-

Eye that dimmed not, hand that failed Brain that swerved not, heart that qualled not Steel nerve, iron form-

The dauntless spirit that o'erruled the storm. While the Hero peaceful slept A foeman to his chamber crept,

Lightly to the slumber came, name; O'er the stricken form there passed

The Hero woke, rose undismayed

The Conqueror of a hundred fields To a mightier Conquerd yields; No mortal foeman's blow

Victor in his latest breath-Vanquished but by Death. -Francis F. Browne in Boston Trans-

TRENTON TO SPEND

leading parts with Cecil Spooner's players at the Lyric and the Park theatres, will spend his vacation working. Trenton expected to have a rest, with the other members of the company, when it was decided to close for three weeks, following the last performance of "Three Weeks," received an urgent telegram calling him to Boston, where he will open on Monday next, in "Under Cover," play in which he achieved unusual

> FUNERAL BOUQUETS JOHN RECK & SON.

Then I'll Come Back to You No derty werk, now, sed Skinny.

Hay, yelled Skinny.

Hay, I yelled.

like a ton of coal ony werse, saying, Say enuff if you had enuff.

Even though he was looking in the direction of a heavy smoke cloud that had followed a sharp blast to the north of them, Steve felt the weight of Allison's questioning glance.

"We," he echoed. "Where do I figure in it?" The younger man's upward glance was seemingly surprised.

"You? Why, you're a stockholder. It means as much to you as it does to Mr. Ainnesley and Mr. Elliott."

Allison interrupted him. "Of course!" he exclaimed. "Surely! I see! What I mean was how in the world can I make them understand that such a fool idea is all wrong? So far as this constructive work is concerned, I'm not an active member. I -I had that understood with Elliott when I went into this thing!"

"Of course." Steve in turn broke in. "I understand that. But they know you; they know that Morrison would be nothing more than a street of well kept lawns and cow pastures if you hadn't seen its possibilities. And so I've already told some of them, Mr. Allison. I've gone even further and giv-en a lot of them my word that you'll guarantee yourself that this is the biggest thing for the good of this section that has yet happened.

The speaker smiled frankly into the bigger man's eyes.

"And that was all they needed, was it?" Allison queried, at length. "That fixed it, did it?"

"Absolutely!" Steve's cheeriness should have been infectious. "Absolutely, Mr. Allison. A lot of people have come to look on your word as law in this country, you know-a lot of

"Hum-m," replied Allison. "Hum-m." Both of them were quiet for a time. Steve's next remark brought Allison's head up sharply.

"I meant to bring some of my estimates and plans down with me when I came," he told him. "You spoke of wanting to run over the whole proposition with me, you'll remember, the

first day you arrived."
Allison nodded shortly. "I remember." "I'll bring them next trip," Steve "I came so near to losing them last night that I'm taking no chances until they're in duplicate. We

Allison wheeled and gazed meditat ingly toward the group who were slowly moving their way. His daughter. Barbara, with Wickersham at her side,

was in the lead. "Any time." he agreed. "There's no particular hurry."

And then a moment later, just when she was beginning to wonder whether he was purposely avoiding her, Barbara was surprised at the calm ease with which Steve took her away from her tall escort. She had noticed that Wickersham and Steve had not touched hands when they first met, an hour or two before, nor even hinted at such a salute. But now, as earlier in the day when her dash toward the stables had left him standing rigid in the middle of the lawn, she failed to see the expression that settled upon Wickersham's long face. It was Dexter Allison this time who noticed it, and hours later, when he and Wickersham sat and faced each other in the downstairs room in the house on the hill which served as Allison's office, he remem-

bered and recognized it. "You wanted to talk with me?" Wickersham inquired as he entered

the room that evening. Somehow, Wickersham's unending politeness had always irritated Allison. That night his smoothly infectionless question nettled him.

"Your infernal fool, Harrigan, bungled last night!" he blurted out. "He messed things up beautifully. He not only failed, but he failed to get away without being seen. That's what comes of intrusting a job like that to a drunk-

Wickersham seated himself-sat and caressed a cigarette. Coolly he waited and blinked his eyelids. "My man?" he murmured.

"Ours, then." Allison corrected sharply-"ours." Then he seemed to recollect himself and his voice became less abrupt. "Listen. This afternoon I had a talk with O'Mara-that is, I started to have a talk with him, but-but he beat me to it. And in just about three min utes he told me that he'd caught Harrigan on the job-not mentioning any names, I don't mean—but he didn't need to. And he told me more than that. He as good as gave me to understand that he'd show where to

interference with his men." Wickersham crossed a long leg and blew a thin blue streamer of smoke. "Yes?" he intoned bodilessly.

place the blame if there was any more

It brought a blaze to Allison's that nerveless monosyllable. snapped. "Doesn't interest you at all! Well, it does me. Three men'hs ago I Allison's daughter hesitated, surprised, bought into this affair because I was on the threshold. Her eyes, brilliantly on the threshold. Her eyes, brilliantly alight, leaped from her father's face to

as sure as any man could be that I'd collect 100 per cent on thy money next spring. Elliott and Ainnesley? Pah! back again. Nice gentle old ladies when it comes to a game like this. They're anachro-

light. I'd been over to Uncle Cal's just for a minute. I want to tell you. Good

CHAPTER XIII.

A Girl Like Her. was dark, the night of that second day, when Stephen O'Mara came quietly up to the open door of his own lighted shack and stopped for a moment to gaze in at the two men, whose faces were touched by the glow of the lamp on the table. There had been more than one moment in those fortyeight hours which had elapsed since he had lifted that black robed, inert ligure from the floor in which Steve had wondered whether Garry Devereau would even await his return to Thirty

Save for a short and casual "See you in the morning." Stephen O'Mara turned without a word that night to leave the improvised sleeping quarters in the twenty sars behind the times. You've

He looked at Garry nodding drowsily, heard of taking candy from children? on a bunk and then at Fat Joe seated near him. Their eyes held for a mo-But it doesn't look that, sy any long-er. Talk with you? Yes. I did want ment before Steve turned again toward to talk. I wanted to tell you that if the door. And perhaps his manner was a little too unconcerned that evenyou'd like to switch I'm willing right ing, a little too carefully careless, for now. I wanted to tell you that if you'd almost before he had lifted the latch rather be a good little boy and get into line I'm willing, and more than willing. Fat Joe stepped forward one quick, protesting step and then stopped on second thought.

"You ain't goin' "- he began, and suffered that spoken protest also to remain uncompleted.

"It's not late." Steve's voice was thoughtful, "It's not late, but it's surely very quiet." He stood gazing out into the gloom. "Maybe I'd best run down and see what ails our visitor of the other night. Somehow the more I've thought about it the more I've come to fear that he is temperamental, Joe, too temperamental for such a wearing proposition as this one is likely to be. And you haven't slept much since I've been gone. Oh, that was easy, just from your eyes! So you'd better turn in. I'll just stroll down and

let them know that I'm back home." It is odd how much of finality there can be in the quietest of statements. Eyes narrowed, Joe stood in the middle of the floor and watched him depart without further objection. But the oment the blackness had swallowed he backed to the bunk, fumbled for a gun which Steve had tossed. upon the blankets and followed out

into the dark. Stephen O'Mara stood a long time outside the door of the workmen's bunkhouse that night, fingers upon the latch, before he made any move to enter. But neither a wish to eavesdrop nor a desire to frame experimentally the words he meant to speak was the reason behind that pause. It was in itself a new thing to find the long, low building lighted at that hour, even though, as he had himself put it to Joe an instant before, it was hours from being late. That night the almost absolute silence beyond the closed door was an even more unusual state gument will have any weight with of affairs. The voice of one man only was andible, the words he spoke inyou, but it's a chance to be on the distinguishable altogether, But suddead level for once. What do you say? recital which he could not clearly fo low, were indication enough to the beat upon a clusir arm. "Switch now!" He laughed shrilly. "Why, I'm going man outside of what manner of tale was holding the ears of that roomful of rivermen. Stephen O'Mara, who to beat that blanked woods rat in his had long ceased to wonder at the discovery in them of new and impulsive finenesses which bordered close upon inherent pobility, knew fully as well how utterably and unspeakably gross incompetent that ever dragged two could be the premeditated coarseness poor fools down into pauperism. I'll

of those same men. see him broke. I'll wipe that infernal There was no movement to mark his entrance when he finally pressed the latch and swung the door open, not so much as a single glance to indicate that his presence was noted. Under the yellow light of flickering oil lamps the eyes of all those scores of gaudy shirted figures lounging against the lison, and the latter, sitting pop eyed walls were fixed engerly upon the face of him who held the middle of their stage-him who talked from where he half lay, propped on one elbow, in his bunk at the end of the room. Harrigan, red shirted red headed, was lounging at ease, waiting for the last gurgle of appreciation to subside before he gave them the close of the story, the last titbit, the savor of which already had set him noisily to licking his lips. And in the doorway Steve, rigid of a sudden, sensed what

that climax was to be. "Her fl-an-say inside"-the droningly indistinguishable words were very plain now-"her fl-an-say inside, consoomed with pride and anticipation, tellin' all who had come to dance that she had pr-romised to be his for-river more. And her at that same minute

outside with him, and both av thim"-Harrigan did not harry it in the telling. And if his portrayal of Archibald Wickersham was unmistakably deliberate, neither did he fall for want of sufficient detail to make the other picture clear. Vilely he gave them the complete imagery of his vile brain.

A shout went up, a louder, hoarser outery of applause which rocked the room. And then that rigid figure in the doorway had started forward. Between those lanes of suddenly stlent men Steve passed in silence, to stand before him who had achieved his climax a breath before. And at his coming Harrigan slid from the bunk, started to reach within the blanket pack at the head of what had been his bed and then thought better of such impulse. Bravado intermingled with blank au prise, he came haltingly to his feet. The voices of few men have been as unhurriedly deadly as was that of him

who faced Harrigan that night. "That was wise, Harrigan," Steve told him slowly-far too gently. "That was wise to let your knife lie safe within your pack, for if you'd touched it I'd have killed you, as I ought to kill you now. But you're drunk, Harrigan. You were drunk a minute ago when you lied your lie. You're soberer now. You're sober enough to start

again nad tell me you're a liar."